

Love's a Lottery,

AND A

WOMAN the PRIZE.

WITH A

NEW MASQUE,

CALL'D

Love and Riches Reconcil'd.

As it was Acted by

His Majesties Servants at the Theatre
in *Lincoln-Inn-Fields*.

*Sors & Amor simili pugnant certamine, vincit
Unus uterque Virgo, unus uterque Deus.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Daniel Brown, at the Black-Swan and Bible without
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street in Covent-Garden. 1699.

LOVE'S LOTTERY

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The English Gentlemen at the Theatre
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Printed by J. Sturges, at the Theatre in
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LONDON

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Lincoln-Inn-Fields.

THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE, the
Countess of Burlington.

MADAM,

THE Noble Character your Ladyship is deservedly Mistress of, and the continued Favours you have shewn to that *STAGE*, which I have the Honour to share your Ladyship's Patronage on, has occasion'd the trouble I am now giving you. And tho' the Description of your Ladyship's Virtues shou'd be the Employment of an abler Pen, I cou'd not but rejoice in the opportunity of being the first who shou'd acquaint the Publick, with those Excellencies which your Ladyship is so communicative of, and yet so industrious in concealing.

To do GOOD, Madam, is the Property of several Ladies : But to do GOOD, and be unwilling to hear of it; to give Assistance and Relief to those that are in Distress, and withhold the knowledge of their Benefactors from 'em, is a Character few Persons of Quality can lay the same claim to, as the *COUNTRESS of BURLINGTON*.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But I forget those Vertues I was just now commending in your Ladyship, and at the same time that I am telling the World of the reservedness of your Temper, in your Desires to have your **WORTH** conceal'd, I am committing a fault against it, by giving your Ladyship the knowledge, that I am Partaker of that Secret, which 'tis your Ladyship's Pleasure shou'd have no sharer but your self. I shall therefore, Madam, forbear doing any farther violence to your Modesty, and only beg your Ladyship's Protection for a Play which stands rank'd amongst the Unfortunate; and whose Author will have all imaginable reason to rejoice for its want of success, could its misfortunes endear it to your Ladyship's compassionate Reception.

LOVE is the **LOTTERY**, Madam, which begs your Acceptance; and your Ladyship that has drawn its **CHIEFEST PRIZE**, in the **NOBLE LORD**, your Ladyship's most **EXCELLENT HUSBAND**, will make amends for the Blanks which its Author has drawn in it, by giving it the Honour of your Ladyship's perusal. And tho' the judgment your Ladyship shall make of it, will not (I'm afraid) run Counter with what has been already given, yet it will be enough to take off from its Censure with the Publick, that it is read by a Lady, whose very perusal is a recommendation to that of others, and whose Judgment has that accuracy in it, as to permit Her to read nothing almost, but what deserves the employment of Her leisure.

This, Madam, cannot but lead me into the notice of your Excellent Endowments, and force me to speak of those Acquisitions of Mind, which are as uncommon to Persons of your Sex and Quality, as they are particular to your Self.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To be skill'd in History, Madam; to be an Accomplish'd Lady, and an excellent Christian: To be a Pattern of Behaviour at the COURT, and an Example of Devotion at the CHURCH, is as much beyond my Expression, as it is beyond other Ladies Imitation. I shall therefore have said all that my Wonder will permit me, and more than your Modesty wou'd willingly suffer, by concluding your Character with the Addition of that of an INCOMPARABLE WIFE, an AFFECTIONATE MOTHER, an INDULGENT MISTRESS, and an UNWEARIED BENEFACTRESS; and I shall join with the Prayers of your Noble Lord, the tenderest of Husbands; the Wishes of your Children, the living Instances of the BEST of MOTHER's Perfections, the Desires of your Servants, and the Entreaties of the many numbers which wou'd not be living, but by YOUR GOODNESS: If I shall pray that your Ladyship may long continue to be the GLORY of this Age, as you will be the Admiration of the next.

But that I may not detain your Ladyship any longer from those obliging Offices which are so little practis'd by others, and so much by your Self, I shall only ask leave to subscribe,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's

Most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant.

JOSEPH HARRIS.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. Maggot,

Clytander,

Mr. Flash,

and

Mr. Finical,

Trick-well,

Brush-beard,

Dr. Non-such,

Mr. Scribble,

Master of the Lottery.

{ *A Gentleman in Love
with Amaranta.*

} *Two Beaus.*

Clytander's Man.

A Philosopher.

A Mountebank.

An Author.

W O M E N.

Amaranta,

Isbell,

Four Adventurers.

Bullfinch.

Lack-wit.

Noisy.

Ninny.

Gammer Whiting.

A Servant: and several others, as Mob.

{ *Maggot's Daughter, in
Love with Clytander.*

} *Her Maid.*

The SCENE, London.

THE
PROLOGUE,

Writ by a Person of Quality.

F AITH, Gentlemen, to lay aside all Flattery,
I needs must tell ye, the whole World's a Lottery;
And Fortune with her Tickets plays such pranks,
I'ave for One Fortunate, a Million Blanks.
But what's all this to th' purpose? Tes, for why,
This Farce to Night is call'd a Lottery:
And 'tis a Pound to a Penny if it hit,
'Cause Men of Fortune are to judge of it;
And they'l ne're mind your Poet's Wit or Art,
Men of no Fortune for the greatest part.
'Tis strange, methinks, to see how some will roar
'Gainst Fortune, still calling her damn'd confounded Whore!
We have no reason for't, what Lady coyer?
Tho' all Men court her, very few enjoy her.
Why is our Author then that Fool to venture?
That's not the Point——
The Stars themselves oft wander from their Center:
And to be plain, he is in hopes to find
The Favourites of Fortune obliging kind.
Nothing Prophane nor yet immodest here,
Shall dare to wound a Chaste and Vertuous Ear;
Ill manner'd Bawdry shall not here intrude,
The Stage Reform'd, shall nothing bear that's rude.
So will triumphant Folly be defac't,
And Vice no longer shine, but be disgrac't:
The Fair, and Vertuous then may safely sit,
And, without blushing, judge of Sense and Wit.

LOVE's a LOTTERY,

AND A

WOMAN the PRIZE.

ACT. I. SCENE. I. *The Town.*

Enter Mr. Maggot, and several others, as Venturers in the Lottery.

Maggot. **I**NDEED, Gentlemen, I have been a long time ruminating upon this Matter; but at last an Ingenious Lady put it into my Head, to set up this Lottery for Wives.

1. *Man.* It shou'd therefore, methinks, have been call'd, *the Ladies Invention.*

2. *Man.* Right; for 'tis an excellent Contrivance indeed, especially, at such a time as this, when Lotteries are Al-a-mode.

Maggot. Al-a-mode d'you call it? Ay, and an Old Mode too: For I'm sure Marriage has been a Lottery ever since I can remember.

1. *Man.* And what's the Reason of that, Sir, but because the Law does not allow a Month's tryal before hand? So that we are forc'd to take Pigs in Pokes, contrary to the Custom of all Markets.

Maggot. Well, to the point—— I knew there were a World of poor Gentlemen in and about this City, who had Daughters that stuck upon their Hands for want of Portions.

2. *Man.* Very true, Sir.

Maggot. So, I sent for a good many of 'em, and told 'em, That I had a great number of extraordinary Rarities, which I intended to put off by way of Lottery, (as many others do, now a' days, Books and Cakes) and if they would venture their Daughters, I'd venture my Goods; for I intend-

B

ed

2 *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.*

ed that every Female shou'd have a Lot of Price and Value to carry her off for Male encouragement.

1. *Man.* Ple assure you, Sir, you may be justly call'd,
The distressed Damsel's Patron:

For I never knew Self-Interest, and publick Charity so carnally coupl'd before.

Maggot. Nay, more than this, Gentlemen, I'll have no Blanks — But a Lot and a Woman; a Woman and a Lot quite through; 'till all be drawn.

2. *Man.* By the Temptation of Womankind, this Contrivance must take, Gentlemen.

Omnes. Ay, ay — This Lottery must hit; it must, it must!

3. *Man.* But hold a little — How shall we know, Master of mine, whether these same Rarities of yours are worth the ready Money we are to lay down?

Maggot. There's a Question indeed — Worth, quoth a? Why, I'll tell you what, Friend, there's one Woman will have a strange Fifth, with no less than Twenty Feet between the Head and Tail. As I hope to be Knighted, Gentlemen, I fetch'd it my self out of the Zodiack, not many Leagues from the North Pole, where 'tis well known, That the Sun stands still a whole Fortnight together.

1. *Man.* And that's the Reason, I believe, that we have wanted one Month in the Summer these several Years past.

2. *Man.* Not unlikely, truly — But, Sir, there's one thing more — I desire you, if you have any Woman fairer than the rest, pray let me have her — for I don't care how simple she is.

1. *Man.* And let me have the blackest in the whole Pack, for I have heard, That a Woman's Pride is many times the Guardian of her Honour.

3. *Man.* I gad, Sir, if I have a Red-hair'd Woman, I'll turn her upon your Hands again; for I hate to have Fire in the upper Tire.

4. *Man.* Pray, Sir, let me have a very genteel Woman; That will sit and simper in the Bar, and draw Customers.

Maggot. A Genteel Woman, say you? Why, what are you, Friend?

4. *Man.* A Tapster, Sir, at the *Colebeester-Inn* in *Bishop's-gate-street*; I am very well known, Sir, all about that end of the Town; and a pretty Woman will be the making of me.

Maggot. Look you, Gentlemen,
As for the Complexions and Conditions of your Women,
Ye must be contented with your Lots —
Fortune and Destiny will have their Course —
And so farewell, 'till I see you again.

[Exit Maggot.]

1. *Man.*

1. *Man.* Well, Gentlemen, what d'ye think on't?
2. *Man.* Why? very well for my part; but then d'ye hear, Gentlemen, we must be sure to take the right way, or we are all spoil'd.
3. *Man.* And how's that?
2. *Man.* Why if we have to do with Fortune, we must renounce our Senses and Understandings, and turn meer Fools.
3. *Man.* And what then?
2. Why then if we han't good luck, P'le ne're trust Proverb more.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter Maggot and Isbell.

Maggot. I tell thee, Fool, I don't wonder to see thee look with scorn on all those noble Pieces I have shewn thee; for thou art young, and consequently, the contempt of every thing that bears the resemblance of Antiquity, is natural to thee.

Isbell. Not always, Sir, for I have known a handsome young Lady of Sixteen, throw her self into the gouty Arms of Threescore and Ten, when his Medals have been of the right stamp—— But, Sir, that which vexes me, is to see you ruin your Estate and Fortune, by purchasing the rubbish of sack'd Cities, and so disable your self of providing for a Figure of your own erecting, a young handfom Daughter; yet not so young neither, but, I promise you, 'tis more than time she were well dispos'd of.

Maggot. What a walking Statue of Ignorance thou art! Why I tell thee, that any one of those exquisite Pieces which I have shewn thee, is of worth sufficient to Marry her to an Earl.

Isbell. Yes, if she wanted only a gilded Frame for a Husband: But, alas! the Custom now a-days is, no Money, no Matrimony—— You may talk of *Cupid*, and his Quiver, but 'tis the God of Riches makes the Match.

Maggot. Go to then,

Harken to me with attention, and P'le tell thee a Secret.

Isbell. Lord, Sir! don't burthen me with your Secrets——
I tell you before hand I can't keep 'em.

Maggot. P'le put no constraint upon thee, Child, yet 'tis something that will please thee, and thou may'st tell it to all the World if thou wilt.

Isbell. Well, well, what is't?

Maggot. Why you must know, that I have set up a Lottery.

Isbell. How! a Lottery! why I hope you are not mad, that you are going thus to expose all that y'are worth, to the figgaries of Fortune.

Maggot. No, no, Child, only a few Trifles that lie dead upon my Hands, that's all.

Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.

Isbell. And what's your highest Lot?

Maggot. Thy Mistress and my Daughter, with Five Thousand Pounds in ready Money, which I will raise by some hundreds of other Curiosities which I have, at Three Guinea's a Lot— Nay, and I intend to tack a Woman for a Wife to every one of my Lots; some Handsome, and some so so; some Wife, and some otherwise— 'Tis no matter for their Conditions, nor their Honesty, for that's Hab-nab, as if the Choice were their own—— I'll take care indeed, that they be Water-tite, and Wind-tite, and able of Body, and that's all I need to care for.

Isbell. Now the Devil take you for putting my Mistress among your Old Trumpery—— By this means, the next Scoundrel of a Drawer, or Footman that ventures his Three Guinea's, shall run away with her—— Od's-fish! would any Cannibal of a Father but you, commit the well-being of an only Daughter, to be broke upon the Wheel of Fortune?

Maggot. Ne're trouble thy Head, Girl; I have taken that care, and given such Power to *Clitander's* Man *Trick-well*, that I have made all cock-sure, I warrant thee—— But I lose time, bid thy Mistress, since she has such a mind to marry, prepare to be a Bride, while I go in and get every thing ready for drawing the Lottery.

[Exit. Maggot.]

Isbell. Hold, yonder comes *Trick-well*; I'll hear what he says——

Enter Trickwell like a Doctor, in a black Gown.

Trick-well, well met——

Whither away so fast, Man? prithee stay,
And tell me what thou think'st of the grand Affair,
Between thy Master and my Mistress;
Will it fudge or no?

Trick-well. Why faith, *Isbell*, I can't tell, for Love without Money is like a Summer Pippin, 'twill never last.

Isbell. Oh, but Mr. *Maggot's* Lottery will soon supply all these Defects.

Trick-well. I tell thee, once again, *Isbell*, That Love is hot in the Fourth Degree, but cold in the Fifth; so that 'tis rank Poison, take it which way you will.

Isbell. Well, but what dost think of the Lottery it self, I hear thou art to be the chief Manager of it?

Trick-well. Why truly, *Isbell*, I am contriving all things for the best.

Isbell. That is to say, thou art plotting some cursed piece of Knavery and Roguery or other.

Trick-well. Alas, *Isbell*! Roguery and Knavery reign'd powerfully in the World before I came into it; but indeed I got a terrible itch of it when I

was

was young; and then as I grew up in Years, I became so desperately infected with it, that I was all over like a Leaper, by that time I was One-and-Twenty.

Libell. Methinks a Quick-silver Girdle might have cur'd thee.

Trick-well. Alas! I tri'd, but I gad it wrought a contrary effect in me, for the Mercury got into my Head, and made me ten times worse.

Libell. But hast thou no sense of Reputation or Conscience, when Trust and Confidence rely on thy Engagements?

Trick-well. Why truly, *Libell*, now I think on't, I left my Conscience, one Night drunk, behind me in a Hackney Coach; and could never hear of it since.

Libell. Well, but I hope you don't intend to shank any of your Tricks upon me; thou know'st I'm to be flesh of thy flesh, and bone of thy bone, Man.

Trick-well. No, no, *Libell*, never fear: We Serving-Men have all our lucid intervals of Honesty.

Libell. Pray then have a care of the grand Lot, that it may fall right without Coz ning and Deceit.

Trick-well. Set thy Heart at rest, Girl, and bid thy Mistress depend upon me. In the mean time, I'll read thee a List of some of my Lotts, for I foresee that we shall tumble in Gold, Child.

Libell. Come on—— Let's hear a little.

[*Trick-well Reads*]

A general List of M^r. Maggot's Lottery, carry'd on, and manag'd by Squire Trick-well.

Libell. Squire *Trick-well*! Marry come up.

Trick-well. Yes, why not, as well as the Hang-man—— Well, but to the purpose ——

[*Reads*]

Here is first, and *Imprimis*, a Camphire Shirt, with a Woman's Shift of the same; the one to mortify rampant Lust in young Fops and Fluttering Beau's, and the other to keep poor Maids honest whether they will or no.

Libell. Thou should'st have a Million of the Shirts, but make Tinder of the Shift; for a Woman has no thanks that's Honest against her will. But come, go on:

[*Trick-well Reads*]

Trick. An Enchanted Crystal, which, if look't into by a pure Virgin, or a Woman with Child, will resolve all Questions touching either Physick, Love, or News.

Libell.

Isbell. As for the Women with Child, they may look in your Crystal as long as they please, but let the Maids have a care what they do, for I warrant you here are a great many that pass muster in the Rolls of Honesty, but I'm afraid your Crystal would put some of 'em to the blush.

[Trickwell Reads.]

Trick. Next, here's a Pint of that singular Ladies Milk, that never knew any Man but her own Husband, which perfectly Cur'd an *Egyptian* King of his Blindness, when all the Women besides, in his Kingdom could not do it.

Isbell. Pray send some of that Milk to those Princes that can't see their own Interest, that they may Wash and clear their Eyes—
Well, what's next?

[Trickwell Reads.]

Trick. Why another *Venetian* Looking-glass, made by the only Artist of the World.

Isbell. What's the Rarity of it?

[Trickwell Reads.]

Trick. I'll tell you—In the first place, if a debauch'd Chamber-maid dresses her self by this Looking-glass, she'll dream the Night following of Kissing her Lord, and making her Lady a She Cuckold; then to sodder her crackt Virginity, her kind Lord shall Marry her to his Chaplain, and he have the next Living that falls.

Isbell. Very good.

[Trickwell Reads.]

Trick. If a stale antiquated Court Lady looks on this Reflexion, she'll see her Old Face thro' her new Complexion.

Isbell. Better still.

[Trickwell Reads.]

Trick. An Usurer can't see his Conscience in't, nor a Scrivener his Ears.

Isbell. That I believe.

[Trickwell Reads.]

Trick. If a Citizen chance to peep into't, his Brow-Andlers will spread and fill the Glass—And lastly, if a blind-man see his Face in't, 'tis a sign he'll recover his sight again.

Isbell. What

Isbell. What more, good *Trick-well*?

[*Trick-well Reads.*]

Trick. Why an indifferent large Viol of the Quintessence of Skull, Chimerically drawn from *Aristotle's Pericranium*.

Isbell. Prithee what is't good for?

Trick-well. Oh! it has admirable Virtues, and very strange Operations, I assure you.

Isbell. What are they?

[*Trick-well Reads.*]

Trick. Why if you pour but four drops into a Country Attorney's Ear, they'll make him write true Latin—Three drops will fill the Capital of an University Gander—Indeed half a Dram's enough for the terrestrial Head of a High Constable; and three Scruples and a half will more than fill the empty Numscull of a Biggotted-Banbury Brother.

Isbell. Half any more?

[*Trick-well Reads.*]

Trick. Yes, several sorts of Nonparelio Italian Gloves—There is one pair that will almost fit any Lawyer—They are made of an entire Load-stone, and have a very strange and powerful Vertue to draw Gold unto 'em—They were perfum'd with the Lavender Conscience of a damn'd Usurer, and will keep their Scent 'till wrangling and bawling have left *Westminster-Hall*; they are seam'd with Indentures, by the Needle-work of Mortgage, and both topp'd and stiffn'd with a *Noverint Universi, & cetera*—I would willingly describe the Vertues of several other pair, but that 'tis against the Statute—Besides, few or none now a days need Gloves, by reason all our Beau's have Cordivant Hands—But do'st hear, *Isbell*, I dare not be too busie, for Truth oftentimes offends.

Isbell. I wonder where Mr. *Maggot* pick'd up all these Antiquities and Rarities? In my mind he had better have laid out his Money upon new Gowns for my Mistress.

Trick-well. Vertue, *Isbell*, Vertue's the best Ornament for a young Lady.

Isbell. How like a Fool you talk now—

Will Vertue glitter at the Play-House?

Will Vertue distinguish her at Church?

Or Cloath her Nakedness?

Trick-well. As good go naked behind as before, the Temptation's the same, and a Woman's never more acceptable to us Men, than when she's out of her Cloaths—But here comes my Master with Joy in his Eyes.

Enter.

Enter Clitander with a Letter.

Clitander. News, good News, *Trick-well*, good News, *Isbell*.

Trick-well. Has your Worship found either the Philosopher's Stone, or a Phoenix's Nest?

Clitander. Yes, both.

Trick-well. Nay, then good News say I — I have been a long time starving upon single Tiff, and mouldy Cheese, but now I hope I shall revel in Frycassees and Marrow-Puddings — Troath, Master, when you have got your Estate, take my Advice; don't spend it in Whoring and Gameing, as most of our young Sparks do now a-days, but keep a good House, Master; let the Chimnies smoke.

Clitander. Thou art too hasty, *Trick-well* — Tho' the Treasure is found, yet 'tis all contain'd in this Letter.

Trick-well. Oh Sir! an Estate in a Letter, is like a Marchant's Cargo floating upon some distant Sea — I wish no Pyrate of a new forg'd Will may meet with it.

Clitander. Oh, but I am Heir at Law.

Trick-well. That's nothing; if another sets up a new Title, and gives but double Fees, there are those that will toss your Estate in a Noncupative Blanket from the Common-Pleas to the King's Bench, and thence to the Chancery, 'till they have shook it into a Consumption.

Clitander. No fear of that, *Trick-well* —

Moreover, this Letter assures me, that my Uncle Lies drawing on, past hopes, quite given over, as they call it; And that my Aunt is almost in the same condition.

Trick-well. Send 'em a good Deliverance!

I mean from the Cares and Troubles of this World —

I long to be weeping for 'em in Sack and Sugar —

Five Hundred a Year will do very well, Sir.

Clitander. Besides, there's sufficient lying by 'em,

That will serve for the present —

And I tell thee again and again, That

My Uncle is surely going to Heaven.

Trick-well. Or somewhere else — But that's no matter to you: I'm sure you young Heirs do so rejoice at the death of your Parents, and Rich Relations, that 'tis no wonder your Estates are no better blest when you have 'em.

Clitander. Prithee, good *Trick-well*, no more of thy Morality — I say that being thus assur'd as I am of my Uncle's Death, I am going to shew *Mr. Maggot* my Letter, and demand *Anaranta* for my Lot.

Trick-well. —

Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.

9

Trick-well. You cannot make use of a more persuasive Argument—

Mammon is the World's Idol—

Old and Young— Ugly and Handsom—

Prince and Peasant— nay, Spiritual and Temporal—

All lie prostrate before it—

But here's the mischief on't, you know

Your Mistress is put among the other Lotts; and

Another may chance to have her as soon as you.

Clitander. Then I'm undone!

Oh *Trick-well*, where is that Name of Faithful Servant, thou hast so oft protested to me in this days Adventure?

Trick-well. Why faith, Sir, I found it worn so thread bare in the Subscriptions of damn'd complementing nonsensical Letters, that for my part, I was quite ashamed on't, and therefore flung it in the Fire— However I may chance to prove a Man of Honour for all this, still.

Clitander. But didst thou not assure both *Isbell* and me, that *Amaranta* shou'd depend upon thee? Oh, most unfortunate of Men! or rather, most accurs'd of Fools, to trust the happiness of my Life with such a Bull-rush of Iniquity as this!

Trick-well. Pray, Sir, lay not too much upon your poor Servant neither— Am I Lord of the Stars, that hardly understand an Almanack? You know, Sir, Wedlock and Hanging go by Destiny— How then can I prevent the Influences of the Seven Planets?

Clitander. Oh *Trick-well*! Thy mean Soul was never yet acquainted with the noble Passion of Love.

Trick-well. Yes, yes, I have been in *Love* up to the Ears; but my wooing (thanks to Heav'n!) ne're cost me so much as one single blait; no, nor a Pearl of Salt-Water— She was as coming, as I was forward.

Isbell. Was she so, Mr. Malapert? But she's quite off of you now again, I assure you— No Flesh-pots of Egypt, unless you prove as good as your word.

Trick-well. Nay, then it shall ne're be said.

That *Trick-well* is not a Man of Honour—

Thou shalt see me lead Destiny in a string,

As Old Maids do Apes in Hell—

But hark'ee me, Sir,

Destiny's an honest Old Gentleman,

That love's a Cup of good Conversation—

Clitander. Oh, I understand thee—

Thou wou'd'st have something to drink

With thy Friend *Destiny*, as thou call'st him—

There, there's Gold for thee, go and treat him handsomely.

[gives him Money.]

C

Trick-well.

10 *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.*

Trick-well. Ay marry, Sir!
This will do ———
These are the little Circumferences, that
Incircle all the Temptations of Satan.
Cou'd a Man but wean himself from these Provocations,
There might be some probability, of his
Forfaking the Devil and all his Works ———
But then again,
Why is the hunger of Gold call'd sacred? ———
The Devil and Sacred, are two incomparable opposites ———
And yet I'm sure 'tis sacred, because
Priests of all Religions love it,
And they are my Guides ———
Well, Sir, I'll go drink your health,
And then consider what's to be done.

[Exit Trick-well.]

Isbell. And I'll to my Mistress, and
Tell her the good News of your Uncle's dying.

[Exit Isbell.]

Cleander. He be with you instantly.

[Exit Cleander.]

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Amaranta and Isbell.

Ama. **W**ILL Glisander be here, say'st thou?

Isbell. Yes, Madam, immediately—

Lord! what makes you so melancholy?

Come, I'll sing you a new Song of my own making.

To divert you 'till he comes.

Ama. Prithee, *Isbell*, how long hast thou been a Poetess?

Isbell. Oh, Madam, I love to be in the Mode—

Female Poets are now in Fashion.

Ama. Come then, let's hear thy Song.

Isbell. You shall.

*A New SONG, set by Mr. Akeroyde, and Sung by
Mrs. Willis.*

Loving, and belov'd again!

How terrible are our pains,

To live under the Roof,

Of a Father's Reproof,

Like so many Slaves in Chains?

Yet Parent Nature, well we know,

Freedom in Love allows to every Creature;

What Duty then do we to Parents owe,

Who break the Laws of their grand Parent, Nature.

"They all forgets,

"Their youthful Heat;

C 2

And

Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.

"And when grown old,

"Think us as cold:

"But let 'em forget, and doat on,

"By their senseless Morals betray'd,

"For when all their Tittle-tattle is done,

"'Tis Nature must be obey'd.

Enter Clitander.

Clitander. So, Madam, I'm glad to hear you so merry.

Amo. Alas! I was afraid it had been some body else.

Libel. No, no;

Y're safe enough from being surpriz'd,

As long as Love is your Guard.

Amo. But dost thou not consider, *Libel*,

That Love is blind;

So that there is no trusting to his Watch —

However I'll trust in Heaven,

For they say, all Marriages are made there.

Libel. Yes, all but a Thousand for one that the Devil makes.

Amo. But is there no Faith in Man?

Has not my Father and *Trick-well* both assur'd us —

Libel. I roth, Madam, you are like the Man that believ'd himself no Cuck-old, because his Wife said so — But were my Case as yours, I'de trust neither Father nor Mother, Brother nor Sister, Uncle nor Aunt; no, nor ne're a *Trick-well*, or Lottery in the World — I'de make sure of the main chance, Marry the Man I like, and take my pleasure, and then trust Fortune, as Usurers do their Debtors — Poor Souls! 'tis a hard case when two Lovers lie Parent-bound — But I'de e'en leave 'em together; perhaps, when they're alone, they may take one another's Word.

[*Exit. Libel.*]

Amo. Well, *Clitander*, I have discour'd my Father since I saw you, and he's mightily pleas'd to hear your Uncle lies a dying.

Clitander. Ay, ay: Your Father's like all the rest of the World; now he smells an Estate, he's willing I shou'd have his Daughter — As if 'twere not better to Marry his Daughter to an honest reclaim'd Gentleman with a small Estate, rather than to a Wild extravagant Spark with a great one; that is resolv'd to sell all he has; and so the poor Wife comes home again to earn her living by stitching to the Sempstresses shops. The remembrance of a short plenty, is but a light weight to ballance the suffering of a long Life in penury and want.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Flash is come to wait upon you.

Amaranta. Say, I'm not within.

Citander. Oh, he'll divert your Melancholly—
Pray admit him.

[Exit. Servant.]

Enter Mr. Flash and his Boy.

Flash. Madam, your most humble Servant!

The Learned say, that all our Words, are to
Our Thoughts, but as the Cork is to the Bottle—
As the Wine can't be fill'd out, 'till the Cork
Is pull'd out, so neither can our Thoughts,
'Till the Mouth opens—

And so, as if a Man should say, with a whip
And a jerk, and so forth;

I'm come to give you the honour of my Company,
And to chat a while of things of profundity —
By the way, Madam, you must know,
That I slept bolt upright in my Bed
Last Night, for fear of the Fleas.

Amaranta. Bid him strew his Sheets with Bay-Salt: [Aside to Citander.]

Flash. D'ye talk of me, Madam?

Amaranta. By no means, Sir,
The incivility would be unparallel'd.

Flash. I'm sorry for't, for I love to be talk'd of—
I'm more plagu'd to make my self talk'd of,
Than I am to speak like Cicero, or Demosthenes—
I'gad, I'd be contented to be hang'd for a Plotter,
So I might but be talk'd of.

Amaranta. 'Tis your modesty, Sir, to say so; for I assure you, the whole
Town rings of you, as if you were the unknown Author of the whole Duty
of Man.

Flash. Pshaw, Pshaw, Madam, naw, naw, 'tis your pleasure to say so, Ma-
dam, but let that pass—

Troth this is a very pretty House—

I swear I saw just such another, when I was at Rome—

Was it built in this City, Madam?

Ama-

Amaranta. No, sure, I believe 'twas sent by the Post.

Flash. I'll warrant it made the Courier sweat to bring it—
But what Man would not sweat to serve

Such a Lady as you are, Madam!

Amaranta. Oh, Mr. *Flash*! I find you're a Courtier.

Flash. a Courtier, Madam,

Yes, to my very Sword Knot—

This Ribbond I bespoke, Madam, and I desire both

The Universities to invent me such another Motto—

Imperial, Aerial, and Ethereal—

Only three Words, Madam, comprehending all

The Perfections of the Female Sex—

Imperial, to shew the grandeur of their Authority—

Aerial, to denote the variety and sublimity of their Inclinations; and *Ethereal*, to signify the Beauty and Graces, both of their Minds and Bodies.

Cicander. Most superlative indeed, Sir!

Flash. Ay, Sir, you have Fancy,

For I find you apprehend me—

And so do you too, Madam, don't you?

Amaranta. Yes, yes, Sir.

Flash. I thought so; but let that pass—

Pray, Madam, was not that your Picture

I saw in one of the Rooms, as I pass'd along?

Amaranta. Not unlikely, Sir.

Flash. By all the Honour of my Ancestors,

The Painter has out-done *Apelles*.

I shou'd have known you in the dark,

Tho' I had ne'er seen you before—

I'll send for him, he shall draw me reading with a loud voice,

And my Foot-man standing within call,

At a Corner of the Room, where he mayn't be seen—

Your Painters now a-days have no Invention.

Amaranta. Alas, poor Fellows! they mind

Nothing, Sir, but the strokes of their Pencils.

Flash. Now you talk of Pencils, Madam,

Pray, what think you of the times?

Amaranta. I never find 'em, Sir;

Pray, what are your Sentiments of 'em?

Flash. Why Faith, Madam, the World's turn'd Top-sy-turvy—

The Women wear the Breeches, and the Men the Muffs—

And then in the State—

All things off the Hinges—

The great Thieves, and the rich Rogues, they escape,

But the little and poor ones, they are surely hang'd—

Candles rise, and Soap rises—

Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.

85

I find that by my Landladies Bill——
Were I at the Helm——

But enough of this World, I'm almost weary of it——
Pray, what think you of the other World, Madam?

Amaranta. Which of 'em, Sir, there are two?

Flash. I mean the lower World, Madam,
To which most Men now a-days pay their greatest Devotion:

Citander. How, Sir!

Flash. No such wonder, Sir,
For where one Man desires Heav'n to bless him,

You shall hear a Thousand cry, the Devil fetch 'em——
But here come's a friend of mine,

I must needs go and salute him.

Citander. Uncivil Blockhead!

Enter Mr. Finical, and his Boy.

Flash. Dear Mr. Finical!

Your most obsequious, very humble Servant!

What are you come to augment the number of the *Virtuosi*?

Finical. I am come, Sir, but as your shadow,
To make the lustre of your worth appear more glorious.

Flash. Lord, Sir! what d'you mean?

My Worth! is it for me to pretend

To Worth, or Gallantry, in your presence?

Finical. Nay, pray Sir!

Flash. I beseech you, Sir!

Finical. By no means, Sir.

Flash. I protest, you make me blush.

[After these ridiculous frivings: to give each other the upper-hand, Finical addresses himself to Amaranta.]

Finical. Madam, this Gentleman's kindness and civility,
Had like to have made me forget my Duty, which now
I pay to your Perfections with a prostrate Devotion.

Amaranta. Oh Sir, you soar too high a Flight for me.

Finical. Madam, 'tis more than I dare attempt,
Lest the Rays of your Beauty should make the Wings of my Fancy,
And drop me into an utter oblivion of my self.

Ama. I shall think the better of my self, Sir,
For the value which you put upon me.

Finical. Madam, your humble Servant——

I am just come, Madam, from a rich
Farmer's House in the Country, who had
No reason to repent of my company——
He told me, that one of the choicest pieces
Of Ground which he had, was so infected

With

16 *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.*

With Moles, that 'twas almost spoil'd —
Presently, out of the quickness of my apprehension,
I bid him pave it with Free-stone.

Ama. How, Sir! so young, and so sharp-witted!
Surely, Sir, you must have been a great reader of Books.

Fini. A reader of Books, Madam? Yes, Madam,
I have read a hundred Thousand in my time —
But very few pleas'd me —

A man must have a great Genius that reads Books —
But, Madam, I study Men as well as Books.

Ama. And Moles too —

Fini. Moles and Men, Madam, are the same thing —
They both work under-ground;
And truly Men of late, have cast up so many
Hillocks of Disputes and Controversies,
As have almost defac'd the surface of the Earth.

Ama. Why then, I think 'twould be the best way,
To pave the whole World with Free-stone.

Fini. Madam, I swear you are so ingenious,
And take a man up so quick at the first rebound, that —

Flash. Lord, Madam, I find you don't know this Gentleman —
Why he's a large Folio of himself, bound up in
Calves Leather, and gilt o'th' edges.

Fini. This Mr. *Flash*, Madam, will have his Jest —
But I never take any exceptions at what he says,
By reason he gives such an admirable Tour to all his Expressions.

Flash. Sir, you do me too much honour, I protest —
But yet that pass —

That Copy of Verses you made upon your Mistress's Needle-case,
Was so sharp, and so well sown together,
That I never heard any thing like it —

But here comes Mr. *Brush-beard* the Philosopher —
Bless me!

What a strange Figure he is?

Enter Brush-beard:

By the Ghost of *Solon*, I'll embrace him,
Were he as ugly as *Socrates*.
Worthy Sir —

Brush:

Brush-beard Friend, when you salute a Philosopher,
You ought to do it in form, as thus——
Every Learned Philosopher merits Honour, there's the *major*;
Now, you Mr. *Brush-beard* are a Learned Philosopher,
There's the *minor*; therefore you deserv'd
To be honour'd, there's the Conclusion.

Flash. I don't mind your *Majors* nor *Minors*——
I only say that——

Brush. You only say, Sir——

Flash. Lord, Sir,

Won't you give me leave to speak my speech out?

Brush. No, Sir, not 'till your turn comes.

Flash. Then, venerable Sir, I beg your pardon
For this interruption; therefore pray proceed,
And enrich us with the Treasures of your profound Knowledge.

Brush. You don't mind *Majors* nor *Minors*——
Go to then, y'are a Fool——

Your true Philosophers mind little or nothing else.

Fini. Nay, 'tis most certain, that you Philosophers
Lead the most delicious lives in the World, for
You are always handling the Secrets of Nature.

Brush. Right——

And was it not a most stupendious Invention, to make a Saddle amble upon
the back of a trotting Horse? And was it not, moreover, most transcendent-
ly found out, to tap both sides of a Man's Ribbs, and whilst his own Blood
spun out of one side, to infuse a Rivolet of sheeps Blood into the other? A
miraculous supply of Natures vacuum! And all this, that a Man might never
want any other Cloathing, than the Wool of his own growth.

Clitander. Miraculous indeed, Sir!

Brush. Pshaw, This is nothing——

I my self, by computing the Mites in the Liver of a Cod-fish, found out the
full number of all the Men, Women, and Children, alive at one time in the
World.

Flash. Prodigious!

Brush. Then again,

I never measure things by Inches and Feet as the vulgar, but by something ex-
traordinary! as the skips of a Flea——

As for Example, instead of saying *England* is so many Miles long or broad,
I only say, *England* is so many skips of a Flea broad or long.

Fini. With submission to your profound Learning,
How may a Man know how far a Flea skips?

Brush. Th'art a meer Boy——

I'll tell you, rowl but a quantity of soft Wax,
As thin as a sheet of Paper, and as large as a
Beau's Cravat, then let a Flea loose upon't,
And your Compasses will tell you.

18 *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.*

Flash. Oh, the sublimities of Philosophical Contemplations!

Brush. Then there's Cheese —

Some Men love it, and some Men hate it —

Now I have div'd into the nature of Cheese.

Clitander. And, pray Sir, what are your sentiments of it?

Brush. Why they that hate it, suck'd sowre Milk from
Their Nurfes; that's the Philosophical reason of it —

They that love it —

Let me see —

They that love it —

But stay, who's this coming to disturb us?

Ama. A Friend of my Fathers, Sir, as you are,
That comes to look after his Lot.

Enter Doctor Non-such.

Dr. Non. Madam, and Gentlemen,

I am your's most obsequiously —

May the Fortune of this Days Adventure,

Prove as propitious to ye all, as the humblest

Of your Admirers, and Servants does heartily wish.

Ama. Oh Doctor, you exceed in Gallantry,

As far as you transcend in Learning and Eminency,

The rest of your wife Metaphysical College.

Doctor. Madam, I am yours externally.

Clitander. Who is this, I pray, Madam?

Ama. Don't you know him? —

He's the wonder of our Age, I assure you —

He's call'd Dr. *Non-such* —

He sets up, and pretends to be a Licens'd Physician, but is, at the best, but
an Impudent Mountebank — You'll hear presently by his Rodomontades,
what he is.

Doctor. Gentlemen, I find you don't know me — 'Tis very strange ye
shou'd not have heard of the Never born-Doctor — Nay, 'tis very true, I
assure ye; for I was dislected from my Mother's Womb, and commenced Do-
ctor before I came into the World — My Art and Experience, since that, has
stretch'd my Fame throughout the wide Universe, especially in China, where
I perform'd a very strange and wonderful Operation indeed — Which
was this, a certain Emperour that was newly dead when I came there —
What d'ye call him? Let me see — Pugh, I can't think of his Name
now — He that I did the great Cure on that I told you of just now —
Ye have all hear'd on't I'me sure.

Clitander. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Doctor.

Doctor. Why I took his Head that had been sever'd from his Body, and buried a whole Fortnight, and set it on his Shoulders again, and made him as brisk and lively, as ere I saw him in all my life——
And yet to think that I should n't remember his Name——
Oh, I have it now——

Prefter John: Ay, ay, a Pox on't, *Prefter John*, 'twas he I faith—— I might have had his Daughter, if I had not been a Fool, and have liv'd like a Prince all the Days of my Life—— Nay, perhaps I might have inherited the Crown after his Death—— But a pox on't, her Lips were too thick for me—— And that I should n't think of *Prefter John*!

Omnes. Most Prodigious!

Doctor. Ay, ay, Gentlemen, I have done Cures beyond Sea that won't be believ'd in *England*.

Citander. Very likely, Sir, and Cures in *England* that won't be believ'd beyond Sea, nor here perhaps neither; for, in this respect, half the World are Infidels.

Doctor. The Great *Turk* can witness the truth of what I say, tho'; for I'm sure the Eyes that he has in his Head, are of my making.

Citander. Then he was an Eye witness——
But I hope he wears Spectacles.

Doctor. Why, you won't believe it, but I'll tell you, Gentlemen, and 'tis matter of fact, I cur'd the late King of *Poland's* Uncle of a Wart on his Nose, as big as a Turkey-Egg; and *Bethlem Gábor* of a Ring-worm.

Flash. The one with raw Beef, and the other with some of *Harbins's* Royal shining Ink, I suppose.

Doctor. Pox of your Old Wives Receipts and Medicins; the worst of my Ingredients is an Unicorn's Horn, or a Bezar's stone——
Raw Beef and *Harbins's* Ink, quotha!

Finical. No, no, such a wonderful, a wonderful Cure, cou'd not have been done without Green-sawce, or an Oat-meal Poultrice at least.

Doctor. In the last Siege of *Namur*, I gave a certain *French* Lady that the Governour had a particular kindness for, an admirable Receipt, to keep her Linnen from being Animated, tho' she didn't shift her self for a whole Twelve-month.

Brush. Believe me, Sir,
And that was beyond *Scoggin's* Fleas.

Doctor. Why, Sir, there was never a Man in all the Kingdom of *Fex*, or *Morocco*, either *French*, *Spanish*, or *Italian* Doctors, but my self, that wou'd, or durst undertake to cure that Emperour of his Corns; but I did, and after that, I drank a Health to him.

Ama. Oh happy Man!
That has confer'd Notes with the King of *Morocco*.

Doctor. Alas, Madam, this is nothing——
I have eat and drank with the *Pope* and all his Cardinals.

Ama. Indeed, Sir?

Doctor. Yes, indeed;

And they have been very fond and proud of my Company,
And so have many Kings and Princes besides.

Ama. No doubt on't, Sir!

Doctor. Why I'll tell you, Gentlemen, what I did;

A far greater Wonder than any of these——

As I was travelling with a dear Friend of mine in the *Cambal's* Country, unfortunately one Day we lost Company—— Well, a while after I happen'd to fall into the hands of about Threescore or Fourscore devouring Monsters, that were feeding on my Friends Body; in short, they had eaten the better half of him—— Well, you must needs imagine that I was not a little concern'd at his misfortune (or rather mine) having lost so dear and worthy a Companion—— Now, what did me I, but immediately bethought me of a Powder that I had about me—— I put it into their Wine, which they had no sooner drunk of, but they presently disgorg'd their Stomachs, and fell asleep—— I watched my opportunity, and with all dexterity, gather'd up the miserable morsels of my Friend, and plac'd 'em together—— And upon my word, in less than half an hour, I restor'd him to as perfect Life, Health and Strength, as e're I saw him since I was born, and if he were here now, he'd tell ye the same.

Omnes. Most amazing!

Clitander. Unheard of Prodigy!

Doctor. Ay, ay,

I can tell you a thousand times more than all this:

Clitander. That you can, I dare swear,

And all as much Truth as what we have heard already:

Doctor. You're in the right, 'tis so——

But another time shall serve;

Sufficit quod super est, say the Learned, that is to say,

Enough's as good as a Feast.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Madam, my Master desires the Company to come into the Hall, where they are beginning to draw the Lottery.

Ama. Come, Gentlemen, I'll show ye the way.

Omnes. We'll wait on you, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE 1. The Town.

Enter Trick-well and Isbell.

Trick. **F**AITH, *Isbell*, I'm afraid
I shan't answer my Master's Expectations.

Isbell. How, Man!

Why you have promis'd him so sincerely,
And sworn to him so solemnly, that should you
Not be as good as your word, you'd perjure your self
In the Court of your own Conscience.

Trick. That's true;
But the Court of my Conscience is no Court of Record;
And you know, *Isbell*, 'tis such a delicious thing
To be counted a rich Rogue, and be out of the reach of the Law;
That I'm in a great quandary.

Isbell. Thou talk'st like a Runagate from all Christianity.

Trick. Ay, ay, it may be so——
What of that? I find as little Religion
Among the Christians as among the Turks,
When they act for their own Int'rest.

Isbell. Who the Devil taught thee this Doctrine?

Trick. Why when bad Company come once
To be pot Companions, they spoil one another——
Now as I was speaking one day to my Lady *Fortune*,
In my Masters behalf, she ask'd me
Why I did not speak for my self;
And at last, in the kindness of her Liquor,
Promis'd me the grand Lot.

Isbell. So far you're in the right,
And then to give it your Master.

Trick. Not so neither——

If *Amaranta* be good for *Clitander*,
Amaranta's as good for me——

I am not the first Serving-man that has had
His Master's Daughter by the help of *Fortune*;

Look

Isbell. What, and leave thy own dear *Isbell*?

Trick. Not so neither — But marry a rich Wife
To maintain a poor Mistress as the Fashion is.

Isbell. By my Troth, Sir, if I cannot be your Wife,
I'll ne're be your Whore —

So good-buy to you, noble Squire.

Trick. Hold, *Isbell*, hold —

These are but the first Temptations of Satan;

There's nothing as yet resolv'd on;

Therefore prithee be patient —

Hold, here come's one of our Customers:

Prithee be gone, and leave him to me.

[Exit *Isbell*.]

Enter *Mr. Scribble*.

Scribble. Friend, a word with you.

Trick. Keep your Friendship and your Distance to your self, Sir —
you're a little too familiar with one of my gravity.

Scribble. You're mistaken, Sir,
For I make bold with all Mankind.

Trick. Say you so, Sir? why what are you?

Scribble. An Author that writes Books.

Trick. Oh Sir! I know you now, your Name is *Scribble* — You are
one of those serious Triflers, whose Works are very serviceable for every
thing else, but what they were intended for; and whose worth is never known
'till they come to the Pastry-Cooks, or Trunk-makers — Good for nothing
while living in the Book-sellers Shops, but many ways useful when pull'd to
pieces.

Scribble. But d'you hear, Sir, my Works are more estimable — I am
now writing a Book, which I intend to call the Mirror of the Age.

Trick. Then as a Friend, let me advise you to dedicate it to some Noble,
Generous Patron or other, such as my Lord *Rattle-brains*, Sir *Philip Whimsy*,
or that eternal Blockhead of a Beau, *Tom Stareb*. I assure you, Sir, one
of these noble Patrons, gave a Friend of mine no less than a whole round
Guinea for the Dedication of one of his Plays; therefore you may judge by
that, what your Reward will be.

Scribble. How, Sir! But one Guinea?
Sure you're mistaken —

I have been told 'twas Twenty.

Trick. But one, upon my Honour!
And Nineteen lusty Promises.

Scribble. Well, well, then the rest are in reserve —
He must have patience —

The same Misfortune happen'd to my first Endeavours,

'Twas

'Twas an Essay of Eatables and Potables.

Trick. Oh, I remember it —

'Twas a Manual compil'd in Three Volumes,
Which treated chiefly of the Original
Of sower-Whey, and Black-Puddings.

Scribble. You're in the right; 'twas so.

Trick. Sir, I shall be proud to serve you —
What are your Commands?

Scribble. Why, I am come for a Bird
That flies where e're you send it,
And neither eats nor drinks —
I expect it, as coming from this place,
To be a Black Swan —

Rara Avis in Terris —

Trick. You have hit it, Sir —
Your Black Swan is very well, but at roost at present —
You have mistaken the time, Sir, this is no Lottery Day;
Therefore pray be pleas'd to come to morrow,
And you shall have your Black Swan —

So in great haste, I rest your very humble Servant.

Scribble. Yours intrinically,
And impatiently 'till then — Farewell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter Clitander and Libell: Maggot over-bearing.

Clitander. My passionate Amour for *Amaranta*, and the uncertainty of enjoying her, drives me almost to despair.

Libell. Truly, Sir, I am sorry for't — but there's no remedy — My Old Master indeed might have prevented all this, if he had pleas'd — Therefore I wish the Devil had made Pot-guns of his dry Bones Ten Years ago, for not doing it.

Enter Maggot.

Maggot. Thank you, Mrs. *Libell*, thank you kindly, — I have always your good word, it seems.

Libell. No, by my Troth, but you han't; I'de fain know for what —
Wou'd any Father —

Maggot. Nay, 'but why so angry, *Libell*?

Libell. Why so inhumane, Master, to expose your only Daughter to some Monster, for ought I know?

Maggot.

24 *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.*

Maggot. Good Mrs. *Passionate*, no Monsters come to my Lottery.

Isbell. No Sir? But Men as cruel as Monsters, as ugly as Monsters, nay, and as beastly as Monsters do—— And what if such a one shou'd chance to have her?

Maggot. Why then here's her *Perseus* to redeem her!

Isbell. Vile Man! Thus to wrong the poor Gentleman's Love, abuse your only Daughter's Affection, and then laugh at 'em.

Clitander. I must confess, Sir, *Isbell's* Zeal has carried her a little too far, thus to provoke you, but yet she speaks nothing but reason.

Maggot. Nay, then 'tis time to leave you—— Two to one is odds.

[*Exit. in haste.*]

Clitander. What think'st thou now, *Isbell*? I'me afraid, as things stand, that between an Old Fool, and a young Rogue, I shall be left in *Erasmus's* Paradise.

Isbell. I can't tell that, Sir, for I have one Project still in my Head, which is to make the Rogue drunk—— *Scrape* has promis'd to assist me, and then I shall dive into the Secrets of his Heart—— Farewell, Sir; I'm in labour to be deliver'd of my Plot.

Clitander. Good luck attend thee, dear *Isbell*—— So, [Exit *Isbell*.] Here's now a Tryal of skill—— a Woman's Wit against a Man's; and 'tis a Cock-pit lay oth' Woman's side for an Amorous Intreague—— she'l not be the first, I'll warrant her, that will disgrace her Sex at a pinch of necessity.

Enter Amaranta.

Ama. Clitander!

Clitander. Yes, Madam, I was just a coming to wait upon you; and to let you know that I am quite weary of these lingring dependencies upon Chance; therefore what think you, Madam, of descending (like a Goddess in a Machine) from your Window to Night, when your Father's fast asleep; the lawless Churches are always open for a matrimonial Fee.

Ama. I know, Sir, you'd not desire me to transcend the bounds of modesty so far, to give the World occasion of censuring my Love, as this rash Act wou'd do—— No, my *Clitander*, I hope you value my Reputation more than to expose it thus—— Besides, I'me unwilling to give my Father that advantage over us; therefore pray be satisfi'd, for let the Lot fall which way it will, you may be assur'd of my Resolution.

Enter Trick-well drunk.

Clitander. How now, *Trick-well*! how goes the World?

Trick-well. Round—— Round, Sir,—— Hickup—— And the Sun stands still, for I think 'twill ne're be Night—— Hickup.

Clitander.

Clitander. Why so hasty for Night, *Trick-well*?

Trick-well. That I may go to Bed with *Isbell*, that's all.

Clitander. Are you married then? I wish you Joy!

Trick-well. No, no, Hickup — Only one of Madam *Maintenon's* Weddings — A Conscience Marriage, only for brevity's sake.

Enter *Isbell*.

Isbell. Where is he? Oh, where shall I find him? I'm ruin'd and undone!

Amaranta. What's the matter, *Isbell*?

Isbell. Why that Rogue *Trick-well*, Madam, has stole my Gold-Ring from off my Finger — Oh! Are you here, Sirrah? Give me my Ring, you Villain, give me my Ring, I say.

Trick-well. Hickup — As I'm an honest Man, *Isbell*, I ha' none of thy Ring, not I.

Isbell. Sirrah, Let me feel your Pockets then — 'Slife I wou'd not lose my Ring for a Hundred Pounds; twas given me by my Grandmother, with a Charm in't — I never fell backward since I had it; therefore give it me quietly, or I'll call the Constable.

Trick-well. Why you silly drunken Jade, I tell you, I ha' none on't; if you won't believe me, you may try —

Isbell. Ay, ay, come, let's try.

[*She feels his Pockets, and pulls out the tip of a Neats-Tongue, a great piece of Bread and Cheese, and a Bottle of Brandy.*]

Hey day! What's here, a tip of a Neats-Tongue, Bread and Cheese, and a Brandy-Bottle! The Rogue's mortally afraid of Hunger I find — Here's Provision for another Siege of *Vienna*!

Trick-well. Help, help, good Folks: Murder, Murder! Bear witness, Gentlemen and Ladies, how she ravishes me!

[*Isbell at last finds a Ticket-Box, and whips it into her Pocket, then slips her Ring into Trick-well's Pocket, and pulls it out again.*]

Isbell. Look ye here, Gentlemen, here 'tis; and yet this Rogue had the confidence to out-face me, and say he had it not.

Trick-well. Well, well, *Isbell*, come, 'tis almost dark; will you be as good as your word, hickup — and go to Bed?

Isbell. Ay, ay, do you go first — When People are lawfully Married, then indeed the Woman goes to Bed first, but when they only take one another's Word, then, you know, the Man goes first.

Trick-well. Well, well, then I'll go —

E

You'l

26 *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.*

You'll be sure to come?

Isbell. I will, I will Man; never fear.

[*Exit.* Trick-well.

Clitander. Incomparable *Isbell*! 'Twas dexterously done, upon my word.

Isbell. I believe the Rogue wou'd live i'th' water, he drinks so like a Fish—— I assure you, if we had not ply'd him briskly with Wine, we had never conquer'd him.

Clitander. Well, well, but where's the Ticket, *Isbell*, the Ticket, Child?

Isbell. Oh, here 'tis—— Take it, Sir, and may ye both for ever live, and love like Angels.

Clitander. Dear *Isbell*, thou hast brought me the Indies: I would not part with this Treasure, for all the Great *Mogul's* Territories.

Isbell. Let me advise you now, to let my Master be at the op'ning of it.

Amaranta. Yes, and I think it very requisite too, that he shou'd open it himself

Isbell. Right, Madam, and see yonder he comes.

Enter Mr. Maggot.

Oh Sir! *Clitander* has got the grand Lot!

Maggot. Well then; now I hope you're both pleas'd — you blam'd me for taking this course, but I look'd upon it the best way —— I consider'd how few people married for Love, how many in a frolick and humour, how many by accident; and all to their continual plague and discomfort—— so that I was willing Fortune should dispose of my Daughter, believing that if she had a hand in't, that she'd be kind to a Match of her own making.

Isbell. But i'faith, Sir, had I not been too cunning for Fortune and you too; I'me afraid your Daughter wou'd have had but a bad Bargain—— Come, come Sir, I tell you there were Rogues abroad, that——

Maggot. The Devil's in these Appendixes to the Dressing Box—— If any thing be well design'd for their Mistresses, they'll be sure to assume the praise of it—— But I say, and say't again, that if *Clitander's* Uncle had not dy'd, and left him his Estate, I know Fortune's Mind so well, she wou'd have been hang'd before she wou'd have given the grand Lot to him.

Isbell. By my Troth, I believe you——

No doubt but Fortune and you were agreed upon the *Smirk-field* Maxim, you wou'd have made an excellent No-penny, no *Pater-Noster* Man.

Maggot. Well Mrs. Manners, you will have the last word, I find, and so take it —— But come, where's this good luck in a Box, let me see't?

Clitander. Here, Sir, here's the end of all my Troubles.

[*Gives him the Box.*

Maggot. Why faith, as you say, *Clitander*, it wou'd have troubl'd any young

young Man to have lost Five Thousand Pounds, and a handsome Bed-fellow to boot—— Well, but who must open it?

Clitander. 'Tis in very good hands already, Sir; therefore if you please——

Maggot. No, no, here *Libell*, thou lov'st Employment; prithee do thou open it.

Libell. Not I, by my Maiden-head, Sir; Men were always better at it than Women, therefore pray excuse me.

Maggot. Come then, to end all contention, I'll open it—— So, now let me pull out my Spectacles and read——

Hold, hold, let me see, what's here?

A Pouch full of——of——of——

Here, *Clitander*, prithee do you read it, for I believe my Eyes dazle.

Clitander. 'Sdeath, this is the wrong Ticket—— Oh, Sir! it is *Pandora's* Box, for it has let loose upon me, all the Plagues and Miseries upon Earth.

Libell. How! Trickt thus, in the Devil's Name?

No, it shall n'ere be said a Woman was out-witted——

Come, Sir, let you and I go instantly and find the Villain out, and if I catch him, I'll pound him to an Electuary in a Drugsters Mortar, but I'll be reveng'd.

[*Exeunt* *Maggot* and *Libell*.]

Amaranta. How are my Hopes deceiv'd, that am thus flung from a high imagin'd happiness, into a Gulph of endless sorrow!

Clitander. Come, my Love, forbear to grieve or mourn——

Fate may yet be kind, and give thee to these longing Arms——

If not, I have a Sword, and then let Fortune do her pleasure——

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter *Trick-well*, *solus*.

Trick. I over-hear'd them as hot as Bell-Founders; but I did'nt think it safe to make my personal appearance, out of the tender Affection I bear to my Bones—— Hold, yonder comes sweet Mrs. *Libell*—— Had a Man *Gyges's* Ring, he cou'd ne're be invisible, I believe, from a Chamber-Maid—— Now will this my *Juno* Elect, raise a most strange and hideous storm about my Ears, for I see foul weather gathering from her Looks.

E 1

Enter

Enter Isbell, who runs and catches him by the Ears, he crying out, help, help, murder, murder.

Isbell. Now Sirrah, give me the right Box and Ticket, or I'll pull your Ears off, you Impostor, Cheating Rogue.

Trick. Hold, hold, dear *Isbell*, let me go, and I will.

Isbell. Swear then, swear lustily.

Trick. By all my hopes of Paradise I will—— [*She lets him go.*]

Now art not thou a Fool, *Isbell*——

Here am I studying to make thee a great Lady, and for the blood of me, I can't make thy mean Soul mount higher than a Chandler's Shop.

Isbell. What, woud'st thou have me turn an Infidel, as thou art?

Trick. I'de have thee turn with the Weather-Cock of the World, Interest; and steer thy Course as the general Magnet of all Mankind; thy own Profit directs thee.

Isbell. How's that?

Trick. Why I'de have thee Cozen, Lye, Swear, and Forswear; betray thy Friend, only keep out of the Clutches of the Law—— The Law indeed pinches a little too close, and like another *Hercules*, choaks a Man, as he did the Gyant, by lifting too high from his Mother Earth.

Isbell. Oh, this is rare Doctrine!

Trick. No Doctrine, Child, but the daily practice of all Professions, even from the zealous Sect without Hat-bands, to the unbounded Atheistical Libertine.

Isbell. But will you make me a Lady, d'ye say?

Trick. I tell thee I will; I know where a Barronet's Patent lies to be bought at second hand—— 'Tis no matter for Merit, bought Honour will serve our turn well enough.

Isbell. I tell thee what, *Trick-well*, thou art such a Faithless Politician, that one knows not how to Article with thee——

How many Maids shall I have?

Trick. Four at least; it may be the whole Parish-stock for ought I know.

Isbell. But will you make me a Lady indeed, and indeed now?

Trick. Pugh! here's my Hand upon't——

Thou shalt be a Lady with all thy appurtenances, a Waiting-Woman, a little Black, a Parrot, and a Monkey—— Thou shalt have a leetle, leetle Dog too, if thou wilt, to play with while the Child's at Nurse.

Isbell. Swear all this.

Trick. 'Tis no matter for Swearing——

They that swear most, are the least Performers:

Isbell. Well! what are poor Women?

Now do I begin to give already, like Linnen in wet weather.

Trick.

Trick-well. That's well said, now I like thee —

There, there's a Kiss in earnest —

But leave me, my dear, at present, for I have business: My Head's as full as a General's before a Battel — So, there's one Convert quickly made; and truly I find no difference; for Men will go to the [Exit Isbell. Devil himself for Preferment and Honour, and Women to his Damm for their pleasure and satisfaction — However, the Jade will serve for a helpmeet, and that's all I care for —

*Now Trickwell, briskly play thy part and thrive,
The tender-Conscience'd ne're deserve to live.*

[Exit.

Enter Mr. Maggot, Clitander, and Amaranta: Isbell meeting them.

Isbell. I can't find him high nor low — I have visited all his Haunts, but the Villain's under a total Eclipse. Had I met him, I had certainly put him to the charge of a Dog, and a Bell.

Maggot. In truth, *Clitander*, I'm very sorry for this Misfortune, but —

Clitander. Nay, Sir, you might have prevented all this, if you had pleas'd, but you wou'd trust to Fortune, and see what comes on't.

Amaranta. Dear *Isbell*, what shall we do? Can'st thou contrive no means? Methinks thou shoud'st make thy last effort, to repair the scandal of such a gross disappointment.

Isbell. Truly, Madam, I wou'd willingly try another Experiment, but that I believe the Rogue has made a solemn League and Covenant with the Devil, to keep him out of the way; it must be some Negromancer or other, that must break the Charm — Now what a Jade am I [Aside. to betray this poor, loving and unfortunate Couple — But the Hopes and Title of being a Lady, strangely allures —

Enter Trickwell like a Beggar.

Trick-well. Good your good Worships give a poor Cripple a farthing, or a halfpenny, and the Laud to bless ye, and restore it ye in Heaven!

Maggot. How now! What more torments to perplex us? Prishee be gone, poor fellow, we have crosses enow of our own.

Trick-well. Alas, Master, I am but a young Beggar! my Father was as eminent a Merchant as any in all London, that dealt and traded for Scotch-Eggs, Irish Potatoes, and Spanish Chest-nuts — But Losses, and his own poor nature, ruin'd both himself and all his Children.

Maggot. Then why don't you keep to your Parish?

Trick-well. An't like your Worship, the Church-Wardens, and Overseers of the Poor, have so many natural Children of their own at Nurse, that there's no room for us.

Maggot. Then prishee be gone, and make the best of thy Calling somewhere else — I tell thee here's nothing for thee. *Trick.*

Trick-well. An't please your Worship, I hope otherwife, or I'm an undone Beggar.

Maggot. An undone Beggar! how can that be?

Trick-well. Why an't please you, Sir, I laid out a whole Week's Earnings at your Lottery, and here I have got a Ticket—— They say 'tis worth something, but I must confess, I can't read very well.

Maggot. How, Friend, can'st thou get Three Guinea's a Week by begging?

Trick-well. Oh! yes, Sir, that's nothing; for Charity, since she's turn'd Christian, is like a Birch-Tree, especially to the Poor—— 'Twill bleed freely, if it be well tapp'd.

Maggot. Well, Friend, come, let me see your Ticket—— Here, *Isbell*, do you read it.

[Isbell takes the Box, and opens it, and after reading a little, lets it fall, and speaks.]

Isbell. Oh! Oh! unlace me—— unlace me, I say, or I shall swoon—— quickly, Oh! quickly—— The Vapours begin to rise already—— My Head swims, and my Eyes grow dim—— Oh! Oh!

Maggot. How now! what ails the Wench? I'm sure there's ne're a Gorgon's Head in the Ticket.

Isbell. I know not what you mean by a Gorgon's Head, but I'm sure there's an Ass's Head in the Ticket, to dispose of your only Daughter to a Beggar.

Omnes. How!

Isbell. Nay, 'tis too true—— This—— Oh, I faint—— This—— Oh my heart! How it beats and pants—— This Raw-head and Bloody-bones, has got the Grand Lott.

Maggot. Impossible!

Clitander. Curst be my Stars, and doubly curst those Fools that trust to Fortune!

Maggot. Come, *Isbell*, advance thy doleful Countenance, and read it out:

Isbell. Yes, yes, Sir: I'll but wipe my Eyes, that I may see the better—— Hem! Hem!

[Reads.]

Benefit by the Wheel of Fortune, the Lady Amaranta, and five Thousand Pound.

Maggot. Well, *Clitander*, you must have patience, there's no resisting the Decrees of Fate! And for you, my dearest Daughter, you must now learn to make a good Nurse, as well as a good Wife—— Come, come, leave off crying, Money hides all deformities.

Clitander. Hold, Sir, you may submit to Fortune, if you please, I never made her my Umpress; therefore touch her Villain, if you dare. Better ten Thousand such Miscreants shou'd suffer, than she perish——

Amaranta. Hold, hold, *Clitander*.

[Amaranta holds him: Clitander, Maggot, and Amaranta talk a-part.]

Trick-well,

Trick-well. Hift, hift, *Isbell* — 'Tis I —
Remember thou art to be a Lady.

Isbell. Enough, enough — Let me alone, I'll warrant thee.

Clitander. All Reason's vain, when Love prevails — I le hear no more.

Isbell. Hold, Sir, let not Folly and Passion over-ſway you thus — The poor Man has done you no wrong — Had he drawn a meaner Trifle, he muſt have been contented.

Trick-well. Ay indeed, Miſtreſs, and ſo I wou'd.

Isbell. Beſides, Sir, 'tis ungenerous to kill a poor Cripple — The Law will certainly revenge his quarrel every way.

Clitander. As how?

Isbell. Why firſt, if you kill him, you'll undoubtedly be hang'd — Or if you force my Miſtreſs from him, being his Wife, then he admits himſelf preſently in *Forma Pauperis* — And I know ſo much of the Matter, that y'are gone both at Common-Law, and Docters Commons, if it comes to that — Therefore pray be rul'd by me; I have thought of an expedient.

Clitander. No terms of peace, without the reſignation of *Amaranta*.

Isbell. That's it that I was about to propoſe — You ſhall have *Amaranta*, and let him have the Five Thouſand Pounds — He does not care a half-penny for *Amaranta*, not he; 'tis Money he wants — Now this is the beſt way that I can think of, to divide the Spoil equally between ye.

Clitander. With all my heart — I am content. [*He puts up his Sword.*]

Isbell. Come then, Friend, you ſee I have fav'd your Life, therefore pray do ſomething more than ordinary for my ſake, and remember the gratitude of the Blind Beggar of *Bednal Green*.

Trick-well. Well then, for your ſake, Miſtreſs, let the Gentleman take the Young Lady, and let me have the Mony — Agreed, i'faith, let it be ſo.

Maggot. Well ſaid, and ſo thou ſha't — Here's my hand upon't.

Trick-well. Nay, nay Sir, I muſt have my whole Lott one way or other, a Wife, I mean, as well as Mony.

Maggot. And ſo thou ſha't — What think'ſt thou then of this Girl; I'll warrant thee, ſhe'll ſerve a Cripple well enough — Or if ſhe chance to be too many for thee, thou may'ſt call in thy Neighbours to help thee.

Amaranta. Dear *Isbell*, thou haſt always made high proteſtations of thy Love to me — Show it now, by laying hold of this opportunity.

Isbell. Lord, Madam, what d'you mean? Wou'd you have me marry a Beggar, and diſgrace my Parentage?

Amaranta. A Beggar, *Isbell*! Thou'rt miſtaken — He's no Beggar, that has Five Thouſand Pounds by him — I'll warrant thee in a little time, this Beggar, as thou call'ſt him, when 'tis known how rich he is, will be made a Juſtice of Peace in *Quorum*.

Isbell. Say you ſo? Well then, Madam, for your good, and to oblige you, Sir, I'll venture on him — What ſay you, Friend, is it a Match or no?

Trick-well. Why yes truly, I think thou may'ſt ſerve my turn — I deſire but one lawfully begotten Son to inherit my Eſtate, and keep up my Family?

32 *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.*

as for the rest, I hope thou hast wit enough to contract beforehand, that their several Fathers shall keep them, or else thou art no true Chambermaid — And thus I have got the first and worst part of my Lot — But how shall I come by my Money, Gentlemen, let me know that?

Maggot. Why, we'll give thee a Note upon a Gold-smith, to be paid upon demand.

Trick-well. Pray let him be a very sufficient Man then; for since the late general Reformation of our Coin, we are as much plagu'd with clipt Credit, as we were before with Clipt Money: Besides, I hate to go a Hunting in the Mint, of all the Parks in England.

Maggot. Thou shalt have thy Money paid down upon thy Marriage-day.

Trick-well. And both of ye promise me all this upon your Words, and Honours, and as ye are Gentlemen, and Sons of Gentlemen.

Mag. & Clit. We do, upon our Words and Honours!

[*Trick-well pulls off his Plaishers, throws away his Crutches, and discovers himself.*]

Trick-well. Why then, I'm your humble Servant — Thus you see what Money can do, Gentlemen — It can transform *Trick-well* into a Beggar, And a Beggar into *Trick-well*!

Ommes. How, *Trick-well*!

Trick-well. Even so, Master —

Your quondam Honest Servant, poor *Trick-well*; But now, thanks to my Dexterity, as good a Man as your Worship.

Clitander. The World may now see, what all Lotteries are —

They are Bawds to Fools; Decoys to catch Gulls;
The sport of Knaves, and the Loosers tryal of Patience! —
Well, since we had no more Wit, than to let
Thee out-reach us in all our Politicks,
I think thou deserv'st what thou hast,
And so much good may it do thee.

Maggot. Nay, nay, take my good Wishes too —
May'st thou live to cheat all the World,
As thou hast fool'd us; and may
Fortune prosper thee in all thy Tricks and Villany,
As it has favour'd thee in this Day's Adventure.

Trick-well. I thank ye both, good Gentlemen. —
Therefore do'st hear, *Isbell*, sweet Spouse that art to be, prithee step in and fetch me my Gown, that I may appear like a Man of Gravity, and Honour —
Come, come, my Girl, a Doctor's Wife may take place of a Squire's at any time.

[*Isbell goes to the Door, and brings the Gown; as he is putting it on, a noise within of several People, crying, where is he, where is he?*]

Ha!

Love's Lottery and a Woman the Prize.

33

Ha! 'sdeath, what noise is that — *Quickly, dear Isbell, quickly, or I shall be torn in pieces.*

Enter Noisy, Mrs. Proud love, Bullfinch, Lack-wit, Nanny, and several others, as cheated of their Money.

Noisy. Where is he, I say, where is he? — *Oh, here he is —* seize him Neighbour *Lack-wit*, and Master *Nanny* — we'll Lottery him, i'faith, as he was never so Lottery'd in all his Life — We'll teach him to put Tricks upon Travellers, and honest Tradesmen, I'll warrant ye.

Maggot. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen?

Noisy. The matter, say you? Why the matter's plain enough — We have all been trick'd and cheated most abominably, as a Man may say; but now we have found him, we'll either make him pay us our Money again, or we'll firk him up up with a *Cisneri*.

Maggot. Alas, good Gentlemen, I pity ye — But what would you have of a poor Snake, why he's not worth a groat.

Bullfinch. Then we'll have his Bones — Come, Gentlemen, fall on — Mrs. *Proud-Love*, let his Nose be your Province; his Guts and Garbage yours, Brother *Pins-Way*; and his Eyes and Ears yours, Goodman *Dolt-well*.

Maggot. Hold, hold, honest people — pray be pacif'd a little, and let's hear what he has done.

Bullfinch. Why, Sir, you must know that I'm troubled with a Wife (the Lord help me) that makes more noise with the Clapper of her Tongue, than *Bow-Bells* do on my Lord Mayor's day, or *London-Bridge* at low Water — Now, Sir, I bought a House of this Villain, which he sold me had that peculiar Virtue belonging to it, that Women never scolded in it, so that I was in hopes to have spent the rest of my days in peace and quiet — Now, what did me this impudent Rogue, think you, but bring me a Coting, which made my Wife ten times madder than before.

Enter Gambler Whiting.

Whiting. Ay, ay, let me come at him —

I'll clapper-claw him, I'll warrant ye.

Maggot. What has he done to you, good Woman?

Whiting. Why, Sir, you must know my Name is *Whiting*;

I am a Fish-woman, I sold my only Daughter

Into *Pensylvania*, for Five Pounds, to buy

Me a Cure for all Diseases; hoping to have rid

In my Sedan; and what did me this Villain,

But bring me a Halter for my Money.

Noisy. Ay, ay, come — We'll hear no more —

Away with him — away with him.

Trick-well. Pray, Gentlemen — Good, Gentlemen —

F

For

14 *Love's a Lottery, and a Woman the Prize.*

For Heaven's sake, do but hear me.

Noisy. No, Sir, we have hear'd too much already —

Come, come, away with him, away with him.

Trick-well. Sir, worthy Sir, you seem to have

The chief command of these other Noble Persons

Therefore, if you please, a word or two with you in private —

Here, Sir, here's something for you in particular.

Noisy. How? Bribe a Man of Honour?

The Rogue takes me for a Solicitor of the City Orphans —

I le have nothing to say to you.

Lack-wit. No, no, we'll have no Bribes —

We are no Jery-Men.

Clitander. Come, Sir, I think 'tis best for us to make off, lest we be brought in as Accessories.

[*Exeunt Maggot, Clitander, Amaranta and Isbell.*]

Trick-well. Oh, good Sirs, as ye are Men,

And lawfully begotten by your Fathers,

Have pity upon the Son of an unfortunate Woman.

Noisy. Yes, yes, all the pity we intend to show you.

Sweet Sir, is fairly to lend you to Heaven in a string —

What say you, Gentlemen, is not hanging too good for him?

Omnes. Ay, ay, hang him, hang him!

Whining. Here, Neighbour Bell-much, here's the very Haler be told me, to cure all Diseases.

[*They throw the Haler over his Shoulder.*]

Trick-well. Hold, Gentlemen, hold, have but

A moments patience —

I have but one short Prayer to make, of an Hour or two long,

And then you may do as your compassion shall direct you.

Noisy. How, Gentlemen,

Does this Rogue look as if he e're said his Prayers? —

Come, come, hang him up, up with him, I say.

Omnes. Ay, ay, hang him, hang him!

[*As they are going to hang him up, he stops the Haler, and runs away.*]

Trick-well. Help, help, Murder, Murder!

Omnes. Stop him, stop him, stop him.

[*Exit after this.*]

SCENE

SCENE the Last.

Enter Maggot, Clitander, Amaranta, and Isbell: Trick-well
meeting them, as running, and out of Breath.

Maggot. How now Trickwell! How dost do, man?
Prithee tell me, how dost like the Roman Sport
Of fighting with Wild Beasts?

Trick-well. Gad, I'll get a Warrant, and bind 'em all over —
I'll Crown-Office the Dogs;
And if they don't find it worse, than being buffeted by Satan,
I'll be their Bond Slave.

Isbell. Oh, my Dear, I am glad to see thee
In the Land of the Living —

I was horribly afraid, my Love,
That my Ladyship had been spoil'd, and
That I must have put on the Garments of Widdow-hood,
Before thou hadst made me a Joynure.

Trick-well. Ay, ay, That was my greatest grief, too, Isbell,
For 'twould have vexed any Saint alive,
To have been hurried out of his Matrimony,
And Five Thousand Pounds to boot —

But come, they have had their ends, and all's well —
So that now, if you please, Gentlemen,
We'll have a Song and a Dance or two,
And then every Man to his own Wedlock.

Clitander. With all my Heart!

Maggot. Come then, sit down, and let the Musick strike up.

[They sit.]

A NEW

M A S Q U E,

CALL'D

Love and Riches Reconcil'd.

A Symphony begins.

Then Enters *Plutus* on one side of the Stage, attended by *Empire, Labour and Industry*; and *Cupid* on the other, attended by the *Graces*; they range themselves on each side of the Stage, and after a while, *Plutus* and *Cupid* advance towards one another.

Plutus.

P O O R *silly Diminutive Child*—
What fancy bewitchest,
Thy little fantastical Wit,
Now to compare with the great God of Riches?

Cupid.

Blind Idol of the World, produc'd from dirt,
Thou, that neither Temple hast, nor Court:
Whilst I both Gods, and Men controul,
Enbrin'd in every Humane Soul.

Plutus.

Sure Heav'n and Earth did a Governour lack,
When they made a young Fowler,
Their Lord Controller,
That never was worth a rag to his Back.

Cupid.

Cupid. *Pride and Envy, makes thee bear me a grudge;
But Plutus, know, I scorn to be my own Judge.*

Plutus. *How wilt thou avoid it?*

Cupid. *Let Momus decide it.*

Plutus. Momus! { Both } *Come, come, away.*

Cupid. Momus! { Both }

Chorus. { *Come, come away,
Make no delay;
Why, why do you stay?
Come, come away.*

*Enter Momus, attended by Hymen, Hebe, Peace,
and Reason.*

A Symphony of Haut-Boys.

Momus. *Ha! ha! ha! What do I see,
The aged God of Wealth,
With this young little Elf?
Well, and how do ye both agree?*

Cup. *'Tis thee we call—*

Plu. *'Tis thee we call.*

Cup. *By whom the Gods—*

Plu. *By whom the Gods,*

Cup. *are quitted—*

Plu. *Or condemn'd.*

Both. *When they're at odds.*

Plutus. *Be just, and end the strife,
Who bears the greatest sway in humane life;
This little Dandy-prat,
Or I, that am so glorious, plump, and fat?*

Momus.

Momus. *I am prepar'd to bear both sides,
And then to judge as Reason guides.*

[Here follows a Dance; then the Graces Address themselves to Momus.]

Euphrosine. *Daughters of Jove, and Themis, we
Keep the bright Gates of Heav'n, and see
What passes in thy Seat above,
Where all the Gods give way to Love.*

Thalia. *His uncontroll'd Commands,
For'd Neptune's Trident from his Hands;
Phœbus his Quiver darst not own,
And Hercules his Club laid down:
Mavors he made his Helmet quit,
Tore Hermes's Wings from off his Feet;
And which was yet a greater wonder,
Great Jove disarm'd of all his Thunder.*

Aglaia. *No wonder then,
That Mortal Men,
So feebly shou'd resist his Charms,
To whom the Gods surrender up their Arms.*

Chorus of Cupid's Party.

*No wonder then,
That mortal Men,
So feebly shou'd resist his Charms,
To whom the Gods surrender up their Arms.*

[Here follows a Dance of a little Boy
dress'd like a Cupid.]

After

After the Dance, Hebe and Hymen sing the following seven Lines in two Parts.

Hebe
and
Hymen.

Short is what we have to say:

In the Circle of Mankind,

At Cupid's beels you'll surely find

Us, always merry, blithe and gay;

None, none can tell,

His steps so well,

For we trace him every day:

Heb. From sporting,

Hym. To Courting;

Hebe. From Courting

Hym. To Billing;

Hebe. From Billing

Hym. To Willing;

Hebe. From Willing,

Hym. To Wedding;

Hebe. From Wedding

Hym. To Bedding.

Chorus of Cupid's Party.

Thus round, round, around, in a circle whorl'd,

Tis our little God Cupid, sustains the World.

[Here follows a Dance of two Girls.]

Momus comes forward and sings.

Momus. Come, I have something to propose,

Will bring ye quickly to a close.

Cupid and Plutus together.

Then to the point, and sit us right.

Momus. Two Matches are confirm'd this Night;

Love makes the One, the other Gold,

Now which is longest like to hold.

Cupid.

Love's Labour's Lost, a Woman like Petal.

Cupid. *The Downy'd Wife imperious grows,
And fills the House with noise.*

Plutus. *As loud the Moneyless too crows,
For want of my brave yellow Boys.*

Momus. *They Plutus, take the Day thyself,
The Night I give this little Elf:
That's content'd, shake hands. 'Tis more
Than ever Momus did before.
So with a Jolly Dance, dismiss
The Brides and Bridegrooms to their Bliss.*

A general Chorus, with a Dance.

*So with with a Jolly Dance dismiss
The Brides and Bridegrooms to their Bliss.*

After the Masque, Money rises and speaks.

Money. Well, **Clander**, since you take your bad Bargain so contentedly, I'll give thee a brace of Thousands to make thee amends —
My Daughter shall never be married for a Moneyless Wife, I'll sell thee that, Boy.

Clander. Kind Sir, I humbly thank you.

*Money. When all's done, it's Money binds our Love.
[Enter follow'd a Dance of two Girls.]*

Trick. And for my part, I am have been told,
There's nothing but a double double of Gold.

Momus. Come, I have something to propose.
Will bring ye quickly to a close.
Cupid and Plutus together.
I am to the point of it, it is right.

Momus. Two Matches are confirm'd this Night;
Love makes the One, the other Gold,
Now which is longest like to hold.

